



At Erindale College of the University of Toronto
Mississauga Rd., Mississauga, Ontario
Founded in 1974
Circulation 7,000

Vol. 4 No. 16

January 30, 1978



FORCE-FED EDUCATION ON ITS WAY

By Tom Hanrahan

The "New" New Program passed through the General Committee of the Faculty of Arts and Science last Monday, and now awaits final approval by U of T's Governing Council.

The "New" New Program proposals passed unscathed, with the exception of the criterion requiring students to take two successive mathematics or language courses.

"I think we achieved most of what we wanted," Dean Morton said. "I would not have made the proposal and supported it if I did not believe it would do the students some good."

Morton allowed, however, that the cuts in the program may have been in the best interests of students. "You have to realize when you deal with committees that they have a certain amount of wisdom as well," he said. "Committees are not always sensible in their decisions, but in this case perhaps with the overwhelming majority rejecting the language and math proposals, they have acted wisely."

An implementation committee for the Erindale Curriculum, chaired by Professor Roger Beck, is expected to begin work soon on the College's specialist and minor programs to make sure the requirements are "clear and compatible with other requirements of the proposed curriculum". One likely component will be a number of new or revived interdisciplinary programs in areas like comparative literature, Renaissance studies and aesthetics.

In a press release following last Monday's decision, Morton reaffirmed several of the program's basic aims. He defended those members of the Erindale administration who have insisted that the "New" New Program was "designed to put more substance into the reputation of the undergraduate degree, to make student counselling more effective and to give Erindale a special prestige as an educational leader which would reflect favorably on current and future graduates. The slogan for the change has been: at Erindale, education means more than a piece of paper."

"Students are forever complaining about a degree meaning nothing in the job market and yet when we deliberately try to upgrade the degree they oppose us," Morton told Medium II. "I would like to see students proud of the fact that they went to Erindale College which was incidentally part of the University of Toronto, rather than saying they went to the University of Toronto and only admitting under pain of death that they went to Erindale College," he added.

John Doherty, Students Administrative Council (SAC) representative on the Faculty of Arts and Science, stated that the "New" New Program has gone through "despite student opposition". "The discussion on the committee shows there is no solid consensus on the curriculum," he said.

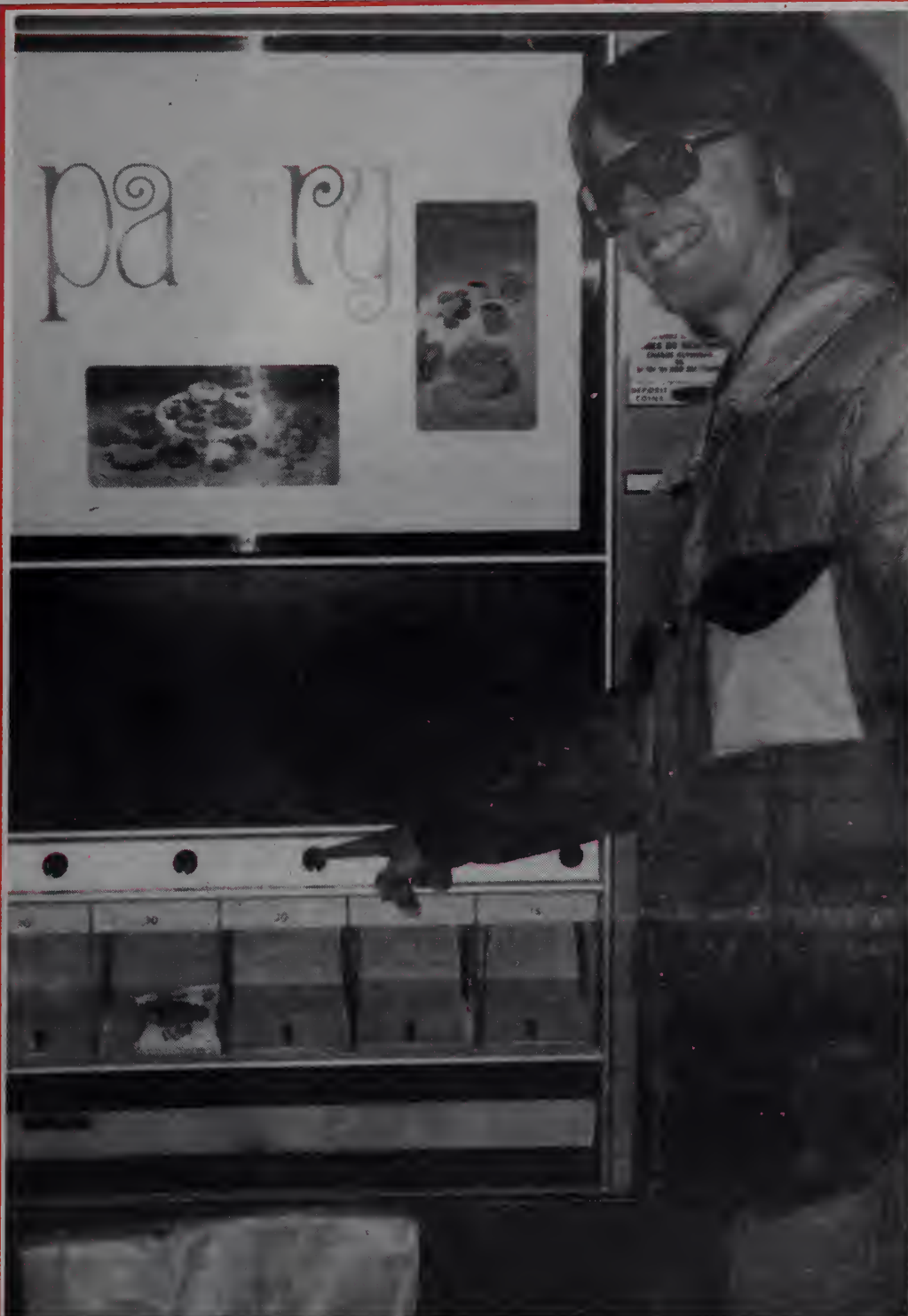
Doherty added that final approval of the program is not certain. "The Governing Council will have to decide if the University will allow Erindale to go its own way," he said.

IMMEDIATE PROBLEMS

Morton agreed that the bureaucracy of the Governing Council could be a monumental hurdle. He feels that the passage of the "New" New Program could be delayed up to a year and a half. "I have just about had enough of going downtown in snowstorms, but if that's what it takes, then I will continue to do so," Morton stated. He also criticized certain committee members who "seem to feel they have to leave their mark on each proposal." "But I realize it is the nature of committee people that they cannot leave a proposal alone," he said.

Morton remains hopeful, however, that further delays will be minimal. "If the Governing Council is concerned with some problems of a more immediate nature, then the "New" New Program could be passed easily."

The program as it now stands will require students to choose courses in each of the three academic divisions, and students will be required to complete a minor concentration as part of a three-year degree program, and either a specialist program or two minors in a four-year degree program.



HYSTERIA REIGNS

Hysteria continues to reign at Erindale College as vital supplies of junk food are being held at ransom by desperate strikers. Service and maintenance workers at Canteen of Canada went out on strike January 13 over the issue of job security, and will remain on strike for an indefinite period. The company has guaranteed that no present employee will lose his job on the basis of future contracting out, but the strikers complain that the wording of the company's offer is "too loose".

Employees are also dissatisfied with the company's wage offer.

"The offer is far from the 6 per cent hikes that the AIB is recommending," according to a representative of the Retail, Wholesale and Department Stores Union.

The strike affects only machines in the Toronto to Niagara Falls area, including those located at Ryerson and at a couple of locations on the St. George campus.

Louise Duthie, Manager of Food Services at Erindale, reported that the strike had caused severe jamming in Ryerson's cafeterias. The number of people using the food service during the day was up by about 2,500 from an average figure of 6,500, she said.

News

New residences
are on
their way.
Book ahead
for the shack
of your choice.

Page 3

Views

Notice
anything
peculiar
about the
letters section
this week?

Page 4

Sports

Erindale
jocks
repressed
by
tyrant
bureaucrats.

Page 8

Shorts

Consumptive
Guertin
strums
his
catarrh.
Lies

page 11

Shows

Hey
Abbott!
Meet
Elvis
Costello

Page 10



The return of Bop Shoo Bop at Erindale College this past weekend in the Blind Duck signalled the success this group has met with in Ontario. The group boasts a fascinating history of rock and roll and a riveting stage show to match. The eight member band has been performing for approximately six years and originates in New Jersey. The prominence of fifties bands in the area prompted the group to incorporate the music of the sixties and seventies into their act to bring to life such memorable performers as Elton John, Chuck Berry, and Mick Jagger for their audiences. Many of the Blind Duck patrons returned for the Saturday night performance as well, indicating the attractiveness of the band's offerings. After sampling Bop Shoo Bop's two week engagement at Etobicoke's Mad Mechanic, many Blind Duck regulars expressed contentment over the Erindale pub's prices. As one unperturbed patron remarked, "at least I can afford to drink in here after paying the cover!" David Wileox and his new band enter the hallowed pub halls of Erindale next weekend.

Angry Short People

With all the commotion about Short People being voiced these days, one must certainly think our world has developed to such a point that utopia has removed all despair. With all the difficulties facing people in general today, it must be some sort of social comment when all people can take issue with and protest against Randy Newman's top ten single Short People. Actually, anyone who has followed Newman's past recordings would immediately realize his subtle wit and devices, prey upon the emotional stupidity of a select few listeners. This is nothing new. Someone simply took the time to notice. His most recent endeavour entitled Little Criminals, despite what some may say, contains some excellent material; for example, Baltimore, In Germany Before the War (far worse than Short People) and You Can't Fool the Fat Man. An excellent album from a man who deserves recognition for his efforts rather than a silly ban on major radio stations.

Grim Notes

The tragedy that struck the group Chicago has moved northward and resulted in the suicide of Andre Paement, the lead singer in the fast-rising Canadian group CANO. Personal reasons were cited in the suicide and the group is meeting later this week to discuss the future of CANO.

As usual, Gordon Lightfoot, who continually baffles his business critics by releasing his yearly effort after the Christmas rush, has touched gold with his new release, Endless Wire. Lightfoot actually enters into the domain of rock and roll on a couple of cuts, deviating somewhat from his usual folksy style. The songs are mellow and mellifluous, containing the cogent lyrics Lightfoot is famous for. The addition of such Toronto luminaries as Doug Riley on keyboards and Tom Szczesniak on bass (complimenting regular bassist Rick Haynes) almost lends a funky tone to some of the cuts. Hangdog Hotel Room is a good example of a rockin' Lightfoot. Diehard fans need not despair though; Gordie gives you vintage Lightfoot in The Circle Is Small. An album to please everybody.

CFRE Scoop

Good news for Murray McLachlan - Bruce Cockburn fans. Rumor has it that both have been practicing in the basement of Finklestein-Feidler tour manager Bob Bennett's suburban Toronto home. No news on when they can be expected to go into the studio though. Keep your fingers crossed.

CFRE Play List

Denotes Cdn. Content

TOP SONGS

WEEKS ON	LAST WEEK	THIS WEEK	TITLE	ARTIST	LABEL
7	1	1	Josie - Steely Dan		A.B.C.
9	2	5	I Wouldn't Wanna Be Like You - Alan Parsons Project		Arista
12	3	4	Burning At The Stake - Domenic Triano		Capitol
5	4	3	Walking Blues - Dutch Mason		London
11	5	6	Spirit of the North - Cano		A & M
4	6	2	We Are The Champions - Queen		Electra
10	7	4	Grand Illusion - Styx		A & M
3	8	6	Cowboy from Rue St. Germaine - Good Bros.		RCA
8	5	9	Blue Bayou - Linda Ronstadt		Asylum
9	6	10	Dark Star - C.S. & N.		Atlantic

TOP ALBUMS

WEEKS ON	LAST WEEK	THIS WEEK	ARTIST	TITLE	LABEL
10	3	1	Steely Dan - Aja		A.B.C.
8	4	2	Alan Parsons Project - I, Robot		Arista
11	5	3	Cano - Au Nord de Notre Vie		A & M
12	6	4	Prism - Prism		G.R.T.
10	7	5	Supertramp - Even in the Quietest Moments		A & M
3	8	6	Bruce Cockburn - Circles in the Stream		True North
8	9	7	Steve Miller - Book of Dreams		Capitol
6	10	8	Domenic Triano - Burnin' At The Stake		Capitol
10	11	9	Chilliwack - Dreams, Dreams, Dreams		Mushroom
9	12	10	Crosby, Stills & Nash - CSN		Atlantic
3	13	11	Good Brothers - Pretty Ain't Good Enough		R.C.A.
2	14	12	Billy Joel - The Stranger		C.B.S.
6	15	13	Trooper - Knock 'Em Dead Kid		M.C.A.
9	16	14	Rita Coolidge - Anytime, Anywhere		W.E.A.
8	17	15	Linda Ronstadt - Simple Dreams		Asylum

MOST PROMISING SONG: Queen - We Are The Champions/We Will Rock You

MOST PROMISING ALBUM: Billy Joel - The Stranger

Mr. Ed talks

By John Doherty

At a forum on Students and Unemployment last Wednesday Ed Broadbent, leader of the federal New Democratic Party, outlined his party's program to reduce the rate of unemployment.

The New Democratic Party's four point program calls for tax cuts to individuals, massive construction of low income housing, development or urban transit, and capital grants to municipalities for winter works projects. Broadbent claimed that this would put Canadians to work and reduce the unemployment rate to between three and four per cent.

Broadbent was speaking at the initial forum on Students and Unemployment sponsored by the Graduate Students' Union and the Students' Administrative Council. There are five forums taking place to initiate discussion on campus on the issue of unemployment.

Questions to Mr. Broadbent from the student panel focused in on structural problems of the Canadian economy. Eliot Side of the Graduate Students' Working Group on Unemployment questioned the NDP's position on research and development in Canada. Side pointed out that General Motors in the USA spends more money on research than all of Canada's industry. He pointed out that this meant that many jobs were being taken away from university graduates in Canada. Since most of Canadian industry is owned by foreign companies, research is done outside of Canada, resulting in a high rate of unemployment and under employment of Canadian graduates.

Many of the students questioned the lack of an industrial strategy in Canada. Broadbent agreed that there was a need for strategy and that the NDP would consider each

industrial area sector by sector. Although the NDP stands for selective rationalization, Broadbent did not know how the NDP would proceed in this area.

The feeling at the meeting showed a concern for the future of Canada as a economic unit. Most students present felt that if the current crisis in Canada was to be solved, Canada would have to gain control of the economy. Those present felt that this could be done by encouraging the development

of a strong Canadian manufacturing sector. This being accomplished through the private sector or direct government intervention. Canada can no longer depend on foreign investment if it hopes to maintain a decent level of employment. The example of INCO was cited as to how multinationals will withdraw from Canada leaving thousands of people unemployed and not compensating the community for the damage done after reaping high profits.

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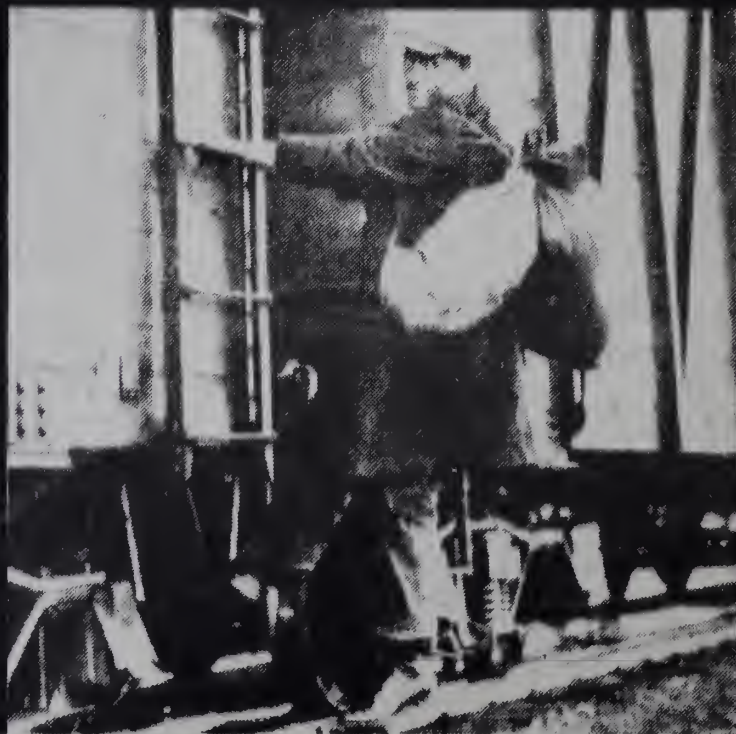
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Mississauga

Students and Unemployment



Labour and Business on Canada's Employment Crisis
Where do Students Fit In?

Cliff Pilkey, President,

Ontario Federation of Labour

Kenneth Cork, Treasurer Noranda Mines

Wednesday, February 1, 12 noon, East Hall, University College

Women, Post Secondary Education and Unemployment

Speakers and time to be announced

Unemployment and Political Action Student Initiatives

Speakers and time to be announced

Administrative Council, University of Toronto



Credit Notes

Convocation downtown

John Evans, president of the University of Toronto, contacted Prof. P. Fox, principal at Erindale, to ask if Erindale would like to have their June Convocation at Erindale. After discussing the matter with various students, professors and registrars, Fox found that most people prefer convocation to remain at Convocation Hall. Expense and the number of students graduating make it unfeasible for Erindale to host the ceremony.

Fox has offered an alternative, however. He feels that perhaps Erindale could host Fall Convocation at Erindale. This would not involve as many students or as great an expense. Feedback from students has indicated that Fall graduation downtown is quite dismal. Therefore, this may just be the alternative.

The P.M. speaks

Rarely does the P.M. (Production Manager) speak, but due to circumstances beyond my control, several grievous omissions plagued the last edition of Medium II. The credits are as follows: the CFRE loan recommendation story was written by Daniel McKitterick, the Saga Food Corporation feature was penned by Gail Stafford, and Ronald Hay was responsible for the sports section photos. I beg the forgiveness of all individuals but the oversight was beyond my realm of influence.

As Always,
G.R. Walker

Carnival snowballing

Even as the snows continue to fall on Erindale College, and winter begins to be just a tad on the tiresome side, our very own student government has unveiled its plans for an "all-new improved Winter Carnival," to be held from February 7-9.

Erinfreeze actually gets under way on Saturday, February 4th, with the running of the by-now legendary Erindale Car Rally: The Stroud Memorial 120; 120 miles of thrills, chills and spills. For a mere \$5 entrance fee, you will be able to compete with such campus celebrities as Principal Paul Fox, and ECSU hacks Rob "Stick Shifty" Mowat and Doug "Fasterdammit" Alcock for the coveted Carling O'Keefe Awards.

Registration forms and further information are available at Colman House.

The festivities formally get under way Tuesday of the same week, highlighted by competitions in "Supersports 78" for the selfsame Carling awards. Entrants are invited to test their skill and endurance in the sport of their choice, be it cross-country skiing, wheelbarrow races, broomball, snow golf, ice sculpting, an obstacle course or the "SAC Sack Races."

Also scheduled for the three-day carnival are an ECSU vs Erindale Administration tug of war, international hockey, death defying toboggan races and "the world's largest snowball."

The above activities are offered at no cost to the student.

Still in the planning stage is the revamped International Night, which should be upon us sometime in March. Unlike past International Nights, Erinworld will emphasise music and foods rather than crafts.

Social Director Chris Czulo said that ECSU has received favorable response to the scheme from about 40 per cent of Erindale's clubs, and that he would have to seek out the cooperation of the others. He added that Erinworld will definitely get off the ground, because bigger clubs such as the Italian and Spanish Clubs have already offered their cooperation.

Civilization

Sir Kenneth Clark's acclaimed film "Civilization" is going to be aired at Erindale. The film is being sponsored jointly by the Fine Art Student Club and Visual Arts Mississauga.

Since the film runs some 13 hours, it will be presented in a series of four evening airings. They will be shown every Thursday night from February 2 through March 2 - excluding the Thursday of Reading Week. They will be run from 7:30 to 9:30 p.m. each night.

Civilization is a film documenting the progress of the arts and cultures of the western world, from ancient Greece through the Renaissance to modern times and the famed painting of the SAC Observatory Roof by a deeply religious Engineer who claimed he was the grandson of Michaelangelo.

The films will be held in Room 2074 in the South Building, and is open to all who are interested.

Pedestrian celebrated

(PAP) — Ceremonies were held today at the corner of Dundas St. and Mississauga Rd. to inaugurate the annual Erindale "Walk Defensively" campaign. In the touchingly simple ceremony, Dean Desmond Morton cut the ceremonial yellow ribbon and slipped on a piece of ice. A small crowd of onlookers was present to throw salt into the dean's eyes and several of the people gleefully shouted the campaign slogan, "Watch Out!"

The campaign is held annually to mark the short Erindale stay of Ralph "Jay Walk" Destranchmontagnes, who was taken from us four years ago when he walked into a front-end loader on Dundas St. at Mississauga Rd. while reading the Toi Oke.

Shortly before taking his pill, Dean Morton recited the eulogies dedicated to "Jay Walk". Repeating the words of Robin Ross, so moving at the time, "He died...with a smile...on his face." Robin added Morton, "A pistol, in his pocket," obviously a reference to a point of levity at Jay Walk's internment in a Glad Sandwich Bag.

C.F.R.E. Gets Loan

By Dan McKitterick

SAC has overwhelmingly voted in favor of loaning Radio Erindale (CFRE) \$6,000 to buy equipment for their second studio.

The terms of the loan call for the money to be repaid at a rate of \$1,200 a year. Interest will only have to be paid on the amount still left owing after the first three years. If the station falls behind on its payments then SAC will be able to deduct the appropriate amount from its annual grant to CFRE of one dollar per student.

Ultimately, however, ECSU will be responsible for repayment of the loan. President Rob Mowat has indicated that ECSU will likely accept that responsibility. He said that he would prefer to repay \$2,000 a year against the loan to avoid paying interest.

The loan will bring the amount of money Radio Erindale has received this year, through grant and loan to well over \$22,000. ECSU has already granted them \$1,000 for operating expenses, as well as a capital expenditures grant for \$5,000 towards the studio.

At the meeting, held on January



25, CFRE manager Greg Tyndall along with a large contingent of his staff, told the SAC executive why he wanted the second studio. He reiterated his view that a second studio at this time would allow for better programming and commercial production. Eventually he hopes the studio will prove the right move towards increasing the stations revenues.

SAC president John Tuzak spoke in favor of the loan saying that it would be a step towards SAC's plan for overall equalization of services across the University.

Erindale's SAC representative John Doherty (SAC External Affairs Commissioner) was not convinced that Radio Erindale really needed the loan. He spoke

against the loan proposal saying that CFRE has a limited market. This he feels places a limit on the amount of ad revenue the station can earn.

Mowat later told Medium II that, "Doherty presented a reasonable line considering what has happened at other colleges," by example he said, "Brock's radio station bled their government to death with more and more improvements."

He added that he felt precedent did not apply here however.

As far as CFRE ability to pay back the loan in the next few years Mowat said we could only hope that their advertising picks up from the past. If it does not Mowat said that the station manager knows where he can cut back on operating expenses, and one of those areas would probably be wages which the station is paying its staff for the first time this year.

He forecasts that the CFRE will not be able to expect next years ECSU to be as generous with funds as his administration has because he considered this to be a "catch-up year".

New Housing Could Raise Rent Fees

By Gail Stafford and
Kathie Richards

Erindale residence fees are expected to rise \$25 in 1979-80 to a total of \$850 in order to support the construction of 37 new townhouses. The fee will not be increased for the coming year, 1978-79.

In a brief report on the residence, Mike Lavelle, director of Student Housing, cites three reasons for Erindale's success in keeping fees down "lower than those of any other university."

First, the residence students use their accommodations carefully and thus save maintenance costs. Second, administrative costs are minimal with Erindale's townhouse system. Finally, Erindale's renting out of the residences to summer groups wishing to use the campus for educational purposes accounts for a subsidy that is largely responsible for supporting the residence in the winter. Lavelle notes, too, that the original fee estimate for the coming year as agreed to by the ECC (Erindale College Council) was \$925. Western University offers single rooms in dorms for \$950 for eight months. Erindale's single room accommodation will be \$850, a substantial difference.

SEPTEMBER DEADLINE

Approval for the mortgage funding was received January 25 from the university and actual construction is planned to begin in March. The administration still hopes to have the new houses ready for the beginning of classes in September. If there are any delays in the building plans, alternate accommodations would be found. Having the townhouses finished by September seems to be strongly anticipated for the Housing Office is already booking the new rooms for next year.

The 50-year government mortgage will be repaid in amounts of \$152,246 annually, which includes the principal and interest.

\$1.5 MILLION

Mr. Ross stated that the total cost of construction has been estimated at \$1.5 million. This includes actual construction, equipment, utilities, and all other costs. Mr. Ross said that the college has been trying to obtain the mortgage for 3½ years. If the

mortgage monies had been approved two or three years ago, he added, the total cost would probably not have exceeded \$1.1 million.

Mr. Ross said that the College is presently in the process of calling for tenders for the construction job. The new houses will be located south of the present ones and north of the main entrance where an apple orchard now exists. The utmost attention will be given to the preservation of these trees.

The houses will be built in four blocks of approximately nine each around a central courtyard. Basically the new form of the townhouses will be the same as the existing four-person ones. Twenty out of the 37 will be four single rooms and the remaining 17 will be two singles and one double (two person) rooms. Furnishings and facilities will be provided exactly the same as the old ones, of which there are 52 units.

SOCIAL CENTRE

A few more details have emerged on the as yet tentative residence centre. With the additional 143 live-in students that Erindale should accommodate by September 1978 there will be an urgent need for some sort of social centre, Lavelle said. It is felt that the students in residence here should have an alternative to the pub for evening entertainment. The new residence centre would have a TV room, a residence coffee

shop and a reading lounge. With the additional space, there is also the possibility of a studio for the art students in residence, and a guest room for parents who arrive in "emergency situations." With the new students there, there would also be the need for a large workshop and storage area. If supplies could be directly unloaded into the storage area, delays and extra expense could be avoided in the transferring of goods from the receiving dock of the South Building.

According to Lavelle there would be many advantages to having this centre other than just the extra space and facilities. With the Housing Office in closer proximity to the residences there would be better supervision of the buildings and parking lot.

They could also maintain the new proposed pool at Colman Place without the extra expense of having to hire someone.

It is also felt by Mr. Lavelle that the centre could be used as a reception area for incoming groups in the summer. This should boost the urgently needed summer business and help to keep winter rates down.

Plans are still tentative, however, as negotiations are going on between ECSU, CFRE and the Housing Office. ECSU would be closer to the student body in the Crossroads Building but at this point they would be losing valuable space.



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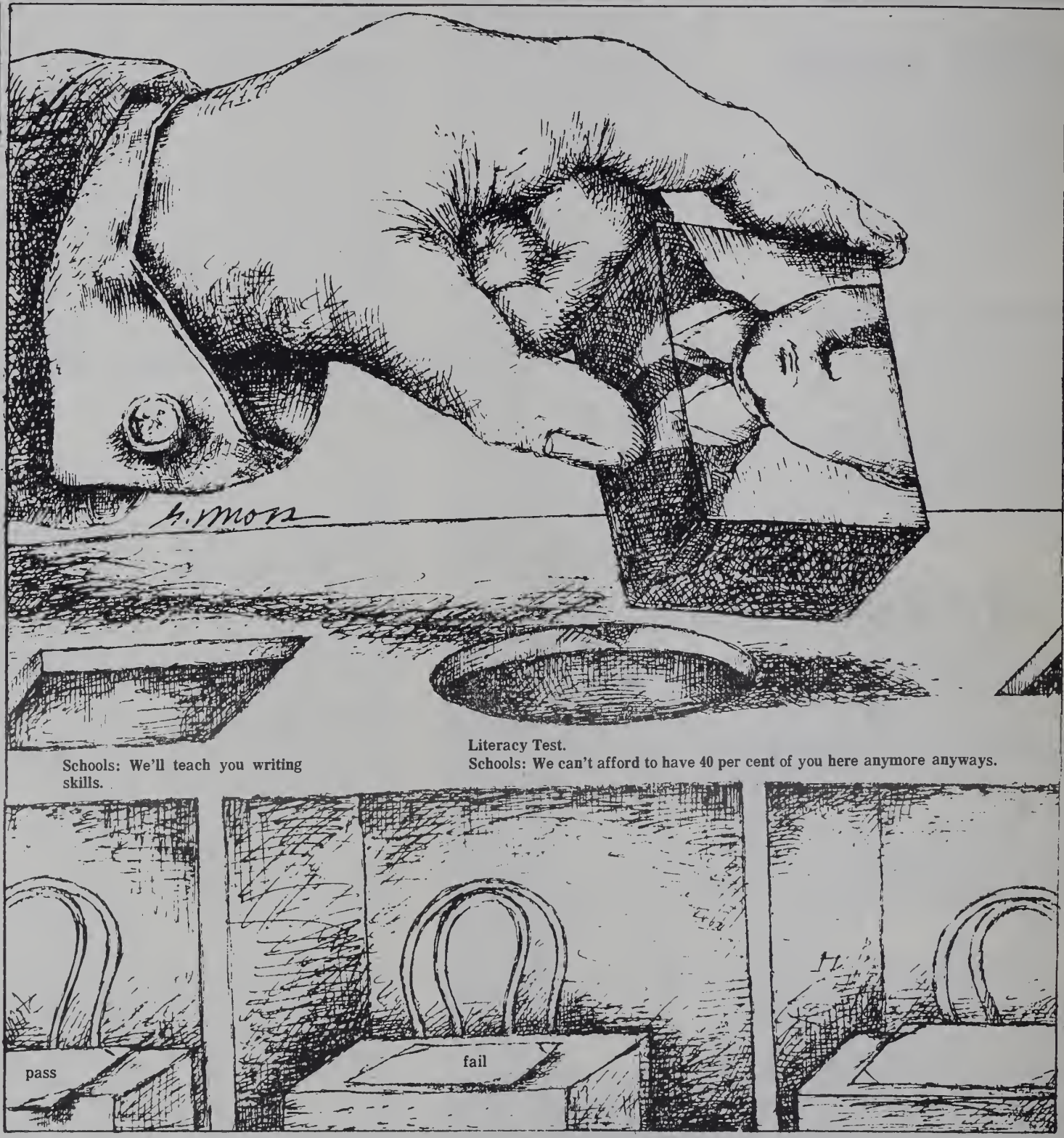


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Circulation 7,000
Available at U of T campuses

Medium II is published weekly during the school year by the Erindale College Student's Union, and is printed by Webman Press. The opinions expressed are those of the editors and formal complaints about the editorial or business operations may be addressed to Medium II, c/o Erindale College, 3359 Mississauga Rd., Mississauga, Ont. Advertising available on request from 828-5260.



Schools: We'll teach you writing skills.

Literacy Test.
Schools: We can't afford to have 40 per cent of you here anymore anyways.

Letters

submissions are invited for our letters sections.

Unsigned letters will not be published. Names can be withheld upon request.
Longer submissions may be edited for space requirements.

Radio Erindale Replies

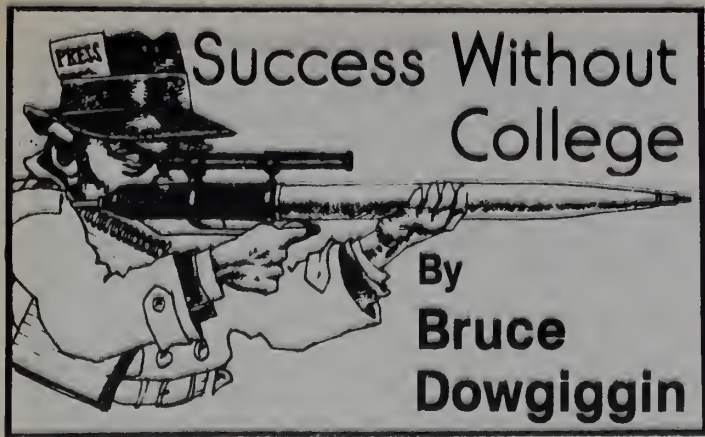
Hey - what have you guys got against Radio Erindale? All year long they have been cut up by you guys for no apparent reason. Sure some of their shows stink but they at least try which is more than I

can say for you. A friend of mine who is an older student says this fight has gone on for years and I don't know who started it but I wish it would stop because it is a pain in the ass to keep reading crap about

Radio Erindale. I have only heard them cut you guys up once and that was yesterday and you deserved it. Another thing that pisses me off is some of the record reviews. I recall someone calling Steve Miller

the new Elvis Presley. Are you guys crazy? Elvis was a hell of a lot bigger than Steve Miller will ever be. I also find your put down of Prism "Spaceship Superstar" an insult as I like the song.

Some of your articles bore the poop out of me - half the time they are meant to be funny and aren't. You bitch about the radio getting too much money yet how much do you get for the crap you turn out. A



Writer Bruce Dowgiggin recently took a trip around the world to prove the world is flat. His report:

On our fourth night out of Montreal on the Russian, oops, Soviet liner Alexander Pushkin the green bags appeared. The weather till that point had been pleasant, certainly nothing so extraordinarily warm as to warrant what came next. On the ocean, you see, green bags tucked neatly inside the rails mean imminent mal-de-mer.

Sure enough, the next morning young children were screaming in the infirmary, the blue rinse set were gravely clutching their cabin sinks and the dining room lay deserted. Well not completely deserted. I was there, smiling bravely at an order of toast, and Rejean, an eager fellow from North Bay, was there too. Rejean had porridge, toast, poached eggs smothered in ketchup, bacon and coffee (three cups). Even the waiter was awed.

The rocking continued all day and though the crew tried to make out otherwise, something big was pending. Something more terrible than motion sickness was about to befall the Pushkin.

Yuri, the waiter gave it away, managing his first strained smile of the cruise. Svetlana, the social director, confirmed it by calling all my numbers in the \$40 Bingo game. A typhoon? Falling engines? Icebergs, not icebergs?

"Ladies and gentlemen, be attentive please, due to bad weather, tonight's crew show has been postponed by the captain. Damen und herren..."

The sea is a cruel master.

For all its failings, and the Pushkin had many, (including an engine) things returned to normal-

cy after the night of the green bags. The Yuri Shlapnikoff Orchestra serenaded nightly with a selection of Soviet pop music, the Captain entertained twenty minute Welcome Cocktail parties and fifteen minute Farewell Cocktail parties (as if refining the process) replete with staff, guests and alternata lists to port and starboard, and the Medical Officer was rumored to be in the cabin of every more-or-less eligible female on board.

For those of us who slept below the waterline there was the consolation that on Motorship Alexander Pushkin, pride of the Atlantic and the St. Jean River, there were no classes - only levels of accommodation.

The entertainment bore the true Marxist stamp. Chambermaids sang, waiters danced, engineers played the balalaika and the passengers acquiesced for three crew shows, a marathon passenger show, an orgy of bingo and the inevitable cultural confrontations. Poor Yuri Shlapnikoff made the mistake of drinking and jamming with the passengers one night, then was required to sink in and out of the bar at appointed hours for the remainder of the cruise.

The day's program even took the trouble to inform us that there would be "No Tea in the Music Saloon at 4 p.m."

The effect of all this was so total that few, if any, passengers noticed as we swung gently on our anchor in La Havra harbor, that we were a day late getting to Europa.

Tourist books, whether for the "twenty-one counties in fourteen days" types or for the impecunious young traveller, have an air of illegitimacy about them. They are

earnest, enthusiastic, occasionally informative and in times of financial stagnation, not to be believed on any account.

My London hotel room for two in the "pleasant Paddington-Lancaster Gate area" may at some time have cost 5.40 pounds. In fact, it may have been a pleasant room at some dark and distant date. What I spent the night in was, however, a third rate, plaster-crumbling, view of construction site, hole-in-the-wall, sheets with someone else's hair flea bag run by a persuasive Cypriot who coaxed me up five floors and made me grateful to get the room for 9.00 pounds.

Perhaps I should have been. The previous dozen phone calls to hotels had resulted in a dozen no vacancy replies (one hotel hopefully added they were expecting a vacancy in February - were we staying that long?). Whatever the merits, the Apollo Hotel was my first land stop on a trip around the world.

I blame everything on the Apollo Hotel.

Three weeks later, having traversed England, Wales and Scotland in a running battle of secret fears and inhibitions with my travelling companion, it all came down to the Beds-a-Was Bed and Breakfast in Inverness. I resolved to leave on my own. She determined to hate me forever. The argument lasted till 3:15 a.m. and the other guests hung on every word that boomed through the walls.

Breakfast was tactfully dispensed with, the other guests as exhausted by the ordeal as we, and we walked slowly to the end of the street with our packs.

"I'm going to Ireland," I said.

"I'm going to the Orkney Islands," she said.

Don't ask me if she turned around to see me go; I looked back twice.

The outskirts of Inverness were damn cold at nine a.m. when a taxi pulled up in front of me. I was hitchhiking. I had been for an hour already, when a taxi pulled up beside me. If nothing else, I thought, it would make a change. I was unprepared for what emerged however.

Two cardboard suitcases flew out of the back seat. A leg of gray tweed fell out bringing with it a Glasgow Scot all bones and limbs deflecting black hair from his eyes. He smoked Pleyer's Navy Cut cigarettes.

Standing five feet in front of me on the sidewalk, he completely blocked me from all the incoming traffic with a presence so uninviting that I doubt the Good Samaritan would have paused before depressing the accelerator another six inches to the floor.

"If they're gonna' stop, they'll stop," he shouted to me over his shoulder.

"Oh, no they won't," I thought.

Two hours later, his back now to the traffic, a fifth of Scotch embalming his breath, his nose rested a conservative six inches from mine.

"If they're gonna' stop, they'll stop," he was saying. Then he added, "the bastards".

He had taken me in, calculated my worth in a Glasgow pub brawl and sidled up to me beside the telephone pole. He cleared his nose and continued, "I had a chance, let me kids go to Canada for a holiday, wouldn't let 'em. Do 'em no good, ya' ken? I may take a taxi into town."

"There's an idea," I interjected.

"The bastards," he concluded. He lit another cigarette and we watched the tight faces drive by. It was beyond any hope now.

For every move I made closer to the road, hoping my North American jacket would stop someone, he had countered with a like move, spewing a lifetime of bitterness and indignation.

... and that's how they treat me. A Glasgow man, I oughta' draw my cheque an' take the train home. D'ya' ken me?"

"Oh...sure."

"If they're gonna' stop, they're gonna' stop." The ensuing pause was enormous, I strained for his next comment, shivering and going blue at the same time. Finally "The bastards".

He left me standing in the same spot after two hours, two feet into the road itself, for a taxi into town. As he spilled into the taxi he was all whiskey breath and wrath and flapping coat-tails. The suitcases, used as punching bags by his sons in some Glasgow tenement, were dragged in as an after-thought.

"You'll get a ride now, I ken," he exclaimed as he drove out of sight.

At one that afternoon I walked a mile and a half back into Inverness and took the last bus to Ft. William.

There is nowhere in Ireland any more picturesque, more inspiring than the Ring of Kerry. Dingle Bay or Donegal are perhaps a beautiful but Kerry is the most famous and thus, the most popular. It can be

breath-taking.

Except, of course, on a foggy, rainy October day when visibility was a hundred feet ahead and the stone fences to the side. And when you're in the middle of a fine Irish mist, the Ring of Kerry is sheer hell.

Twice I was left standing with my pack on the open road and both times I stood for over an hour in the rain, playing my flute and drawing curious stares from local cows and sheep.

Now it was five in the afternoon and I was stranded beside a bridge, streams of water running off my hat and into my boots. I was only ten miles from Bantry, my destination and twenty miles from Killarney, my base of departure.

I played resolutely on my flute, noticing that during the last two hours only two cars had come my way, the rest opting for some anonymous development outside of Kenmare. Popular place, I noted icily, as I mentally razed the homes and destroyed the cars in explanation of my anguish.

"Sure it's not the best time to be seeing this part of the country," the man who had left me there kept pointing out. He smoked cigarettes down to his fingernails and pointed out injustices in Irish history.

From where I stood in the bushes beside the road no one coming off the bridge could see me. I stood in the middle of the road, there was a chance of being picked up, but there was the equal chance I might get run over. So I accepted the bushes stoically, as if this somehow was one of the sub-clauses in a hitchhiker's contract. The flute grew more discordant, the sun was almost gone into the ocean and I could feel the pages of my passport stick together.

When the last light was gone and it was drier outside my clothes than in them, I walked back into Kenmare cursing softly, to catch a ride back to Killarney. I was picked up immediately by a frustrated seminarian who wanted to discuss Irish women, American women and masturbation, in that order.

Later in the day I found out that, as I stood in the wet outside of Kenmare trying to play my flute, that Bing Crosby had died. And I swear that one of the tunes I was learning as I stood there was "Toor-a-loor-a-loora" as the water squished between my toes and Crosby feded away.

Next week: The anti-hero travels to the continent and a journey to the East.

...AND MORE LETTERS...AND MORE LETTERS...AND

hell of a lot more I'm told. And I don't think you deserve it.

Brian McPhatter
Yr. I Histories
No. 771219664

What is going on? Normally the function of a student newspaper is to inform the students of campus events as they occur, and to mention upcoming events, etc. However the only consistent thing The Medium II seems to accomplish these days is to continuously cut up the campus radio, CFRE (I remember all the "headlines" run last year, and I'm sorry to see things have not changed much this year). Now I see in your January 10th issue of the "Tedium Too" your editorial entitled "Jeopardy" - don't you prunes ever give up? I find your attitude towards the Radio Erindale very immature and childish - they are undoubtedly the superior medium on this campus and in my opinion the only "Jeopardy" that could exist would be the future of the Medium II. Radio Erindale is great, you guys give me indignation.

Yours very, very sincerely
Alan Rucan
Year II Pol. Sci.

In regards to your editorial of January 16-78, titled "Jeopardy", isn't it about time you stopped criticizing CFRE-RADIO ERINDALE which is offering the students one of the better services on campus?

Medium II costs the students much more than Radio Erindale and provide only a fraction of the quality and service.

It's about time Erindale had a second paper - one that offers the students their moneys worth!

Albert Fredericko
Year III

re January 16, 1978 editorial 'Jeopardy'

Downtown has the Varsity - can't Erindale have a paper? The radio station is already excellent!

Vidas Cammenterra
Second Year
Political Science

I am getting terribly tired of reading your senseless garble in every issue of your "paper." Especially uncalled for was the January 16 editorial "Jeopardy". If the Medium II could match the quality which radio Erindale has

put forth this year (at least...), they might have something going. But as it stands now, it is obvious who takes the title of Medium One.

James McLaughlin
Year III

I have just heard CFRE's editorial in response to your editorial. I decided to check into the matter further and contacted CFRE who gave their side of the story, and I believe them to be correct since they were able to substantiate their claims with facts. It seems you are badly misinformed which is something I would not expect from a newspaper. You should report facts - not invent them!! Get your act together.

Dennis Carmichael
Yr. I Sciences

Thanks Physical Plant

I would like to thank the physical plant for doing such a wonderful job of the campus sidewalks. It is

truly magnificent the way they pack the snow down so that the five minute walk has been changed to the seven mile slide. I was considering setting up ice skate booths at the north and south buildings. The reason security has reported drunk persons leaving the pub is simply because few students have taken the manual dexterity course in negotiating ice covered

walkways. I heard a rumor that the registrar is offering a year's free tuition to anyone who can walk from the north to south building falling less than three times in one day.

This letter written by the intensive care unit of the Mississauga Hospital.

F.B.



Dear Editor

Fox has good news and

By Bogna Jaworski

During the past year a number of significant events have taken place at Erindale College. Prof. Fox, principal of Erindale, discussed and reviewed the events of his first year in office in a recent interview with Medium II's Bogna Jaworski. Her report:

Of primary interest to out-of-town students in final approval of the mortgage for building the new residences within this year. The approval by Central Mortgage and Housing means that tenders can be put out immediately. Hopefully the residences will be ready for occupation by September 1 of this year.

The building will consist of 37 new houses which will accommodate 148 students. Though their design will remain basically the same as that of the present units, they will undergo minor improvements which arise from suggestions made by present occupants of the buildings.

In addition to the new units, the Housing Office hopes to move its quarters to Colman Place and to

establish a student centre in the building for both commuter and resident students. Fox feels that such a move would be beneficial to the College and students, as it would provide a place where students could gather after classes without having to resort necessarily to the pub.

According to Fox, the move would not be costly. The expense would be covered by the Housing Office. The money would most likely come from summer residence revenue so that no extra cost could be incurred by students. It appears also to be more logical to have a student centre in close proximity to the swimming pool which is to be built.

Fox feels that moving CFRE is more of a problem. At present the expense of such a move would simply be too great. Should a move take place CFRE would need at least 10 offices in the Crossroads Building. Fox questioned the wisdom of the move, taking into account the problems of cost and space.

However, Fox told Medium II

that CFRE has been told to go ahead with their plans for improving the station and that, should space be found to accommodate a move by CFRE, they would be reimbursed from the residence revenue for whatever improvements they need to make in the building (not taking into account actual equipment purchases). This would not mean extra costs for the Housing Office since any improvements to be made would have been made any way.

The new pool to be built at Colman Place will be paid for by the revenue raised from the opening of the new tennis courts on campus. Fox feels that although weather conditions will limit use of the pool to about six weeks of the year, it will nonetheless be beneficial to Erindale.

The prospect of an indoor pool has been discussed in the past but the cost of a 25 metre indoor pool would be in the area of one million dollars, a sum beyond the college's reach without government assistance. Wintario offers grants if the pool were to be used by the public as well as the college, but Fox felt that this would cut into the time in which students could be using the pool.

Of direct concern to all Erindale is the approval of the New "New" Programme by the General Committee of Faculty of Arts and Science. After more than a year of controversy concerning the program it will be implemented with the exception of the math or language requirement.

"The program," says Fox, "would be part of a concentrated effort to take existing courses and group them together in a more accessible manner." Though the courses would not lead to specialization they would give the student a more meaningful experience, he



said. However, since the program will not be effective till after 1980 most students presently at Erindale will not be affected.

The budgetary cutbacks at the university have been felt by Erindale but Fox says that enrolment at Erindale has not gone down. Rather the number of courses being taken by students has dropped. Part of the problem Fox stated "is that the government BIU payments are not divided according to the number of courses taken by these students."

He feels that economic stringency over the past two years has caused students to cut down on their course load in order to keep their jobs. The same consideration has affected the number of senior students coming back. Erindale is hoping, nevertheless, for an increase in its budget since the final budget has not been approved.

Fox stated that Erindale is conscious of the importance of cutting heat and electricity bills. According to him heat consumption costs have been cut in half in

the past four years. Furthermore since the first of this year approximately \$10,000 has been saved in the electrical bill with the help of a new assistant engineer at the physical plant.

Fox told Medium II that parking remains a problem at Erindale. Though the administration has attempted to equalize the pressure by rescheduling classes last year, he feels that more rescheduling will be needed in the future.

In the area of academics Fox noted that Professor Gunter Gad won an award from the Ontario Confederation of University Faculty Association. The OCUFA is an organization which gives out teaching awards for distinguished teaching in the province yearly. Prof. Gad is the first person from Erindale to win it.

Prof. Fox stated, however, that he was disappointed by the perennial apathy of Erindale students and faculty. He noted, for example, that attendance at College Council meetings was extremely low.



This ad may change your life...



BLOOD

There! That got your attention, didn't it? And that's what we want — your attention AND your blood. Or rather, the Red Cross wants both. Which is why they'll be here at the college on Thursday, February 2nd, in the Meeting Place. Nothing would please them more than to be tempted by all kinds of healthy corpuscles. And to tempt YOU, good ol' ECSU is gonna give you a pint of beer for every pint of blood that you donate. First and many-time donors alike are eligible and can redeem their coupons in Ye Olde Blinde Ducke. So give a little and get a little.

DANCE

Why yes, of course you can dance. And dine. And drink. And have a really swell time at the gala Residence Dinner Dance. Just look at what you get for a mere \$16 per couple: a sit-down dinner, a cash bar, a midnight buffet AND a disc jockey to provide all the music you really want to hear. Time and place: February 3 in the South Cafeteria. Getcher tickets from the South Caf or the Housing Office. And don't forget — ANYONE can come! Residence and non-residence students alike. Buff up your dancing shoes and practice your two-steps.

FREEZE

Where else can you freeze and enjoy every chilling minute? Why, at Erinfreeze '78, of course! The All New Improved Winter Carnival will make winter come alive during the week of February 6-10. SuperSports '78 will give you the chance to make a complete fool of yourself and win nifty Carling O'Keefe trophies at the same time. Not to mention (though we will) International Hockey, the Epic Administration Versus ECSU Tug O' War, the World's Largest Snowball, Death Defying Toboggan Races, a Bogart Film Festival and much, MUCH more. How's that for exciting ad copy? Don't believe a word of it? Well then, wax your skis and grab your earmuff and try Erinfreeze for yourself. Seeing is freezing, er, believing.

WIN

Yep.....here it comes. Loto ECSU. The contest that lets all Erindalians be winners. All you have to do is enter. And how you do that is read next week's ECSU ad in Medium II, wherein we'll spell out the contest rules for all you neophyte LotoECSUites. Remember: if you don't enter, you can't win! LotoECSU don't you just love it.

Who is
this guy?



By
John Challis

The bizarre memoirs of our late Prime Minister Mackenzie King have created something of an uproar over the past few years. Everyone knew he loved his Mum, dead as he was, but none really knew how extensive his personal quirks were. To find that a man we elected into office more times than any other P.M. felt that his dog should have been awarded a posthumous OBE can deal quite a blow to the nerves. But it can also sell thousands of books.

There is nothing the public seems to love more than dethroning the great and famous. The success of the gossip rags is testament to that. "Elizabeth Taylor Has Gargoyles Tattooed On Her Breasts!" screams the National Enquirer, as the editor pockets a cool million! So it is with the various volumes which promise to expose the worst of Mackenzie King's closet habits. As the public gasps in horror at each new revelation, the publishers gasp at the shock of cold silver gathering beneath their buttocks!

This phenomenon has not escaped the gaze of our beloved Students' Council president, Robert A. Mowat. Nay, for he is a man well known for his business acumen - or at least an ability to avoid expense. He is often seen, industriously sipping the last quarter-inch of beer from bottles left behind in the pub. It should come as no surprise, then to find that the long-awaited Diary of Rob Mowat is ready to be published.

When one looks at it, he is a likely candidate for some good memoirs; frustrated journalist-turned-politician; wears a ragged pet hedgehog on top of his which he affectionately calls "my hair"; writes strange incomprehensible letters in full-page ads in local newspapers to men in high places.

"The trouble is," says the shrewd president, "King's memoirs were published posthumously. What kind of sense does that make? Now I figure, if we just kind of published the things a little early well, the profits would be ending up in the right place!"

And so it has come to pass that Mr. Mowat is busily writing his posthumous memoirs. Dare one accuse him of crass commercialism? "What do you mean?" he says in reply, "I only stole the idea off Jack McClelland. He's not crass, he's a genius."

Medium II has been fortunate enough to receive a few of Mowat's diary entries for a sneak preview of his upcoming volume. True to form, they should shock the public into buying his confessions by the score. Here are a few excerpts.

May, 1977, Dear Diary, Well, Ghengis Khan was right. They elected me. Oh, if only Mother could see me now! Actually she's not dead yet, just resting. But if she were, I'd be so sorry she were not around to share this moment with me. But she would be with me in spirit - oh, yes, telling me to put a scarf on, make sure my shorts were clean, you never can tell when you might get in an accident. She knew I'd win, too! 'Just act like someone you're not!', she said. Blest be the apron string that binds!

June, 1977, Dear Diary, Ow! What'll I do? Who said anything about there being work in this outfit? Today, this man in a black trenchcoat came into the office, followed by three Sumo wrestlers. He wanted to sell a pizza franchise for the cafeteria, and six thousand pin-ball machines 'because they're good for a learning environment,' he says. Then his henchmen go outside and turn an apple tree into pool cues - with their bare hands!! Ow! I don't want to get involved! I tried reading the lint between my toes, but they only spouted off some proverb from the Bible. I could never understand proverbs. I don't want to get involved.

September, 1977, Dear Diary, The students no longer bother me, dearest diary. I had a vision, and it taught me what to do. On the way in to school this morning, I saw a woman shaking the dust out of a basset hound like it was a carpet. Now, when students ask me questions, I shout at them 'Why don't you already know this? You should have read that in the guide book months ago!' Now they're all taking courses in basset waving, and don't ask questions anymore.

October, 1977, Dear Diary, I had a dream last night that confused me deeply. I dreamt I was Alistair Sim, and the ghost of Christmas past took me into prehistoric times. We flew on the back of an ancient pterodactyl named Ned to a jungle where I met my Cro-Magnan Mom. Even then, they had other people doing their work for them! Her husband had a little messenger who ran all his errands, and took all the blame. But one day, her husband caught the messenger cheating on him with his wife. He castrated the messenger, and now she is only a bird with a gelded page.

November, 1977, Dear Diary, In our seance last night, I met my great grandfather Mowat! Sir John A. Macdonald was throwing inkwells at him and calling him a damned pup. It has taught me the fine art of ingratiating oneself with the powerful.

January, 1978, Dear Diary, She'll never believe me!! It's been snowing all night, blowing like crazy, and I can't get home! Mother will never speak to me again. I'll shovel my way home if I have to. Mother, mother, please believe me, it was only the snow!! What am I going to do?!!

February, 1978, Dear Diary, Well, they're still asking me to make a decision. That fool radio and its newsletter thing. But it's all right. I had a vision last night. My old friend Machiavelli was in it. He was having a knife fight with Atilla the Hun. They were getting nowhere, so old Mack proposed a truce, and sent Atilla a letter of apology stuffed with gelignite. It all seems so simple now...

By the way, don't miss Trapper Chall's new series of memoirs, coming soon, to a drugstore near you.

Continued from page 1

The committee also approved Erindale's proposed writing test as a requirement for students on all campuses. Students entering in 1980 will be required to pass a test of English composition with a year of first registration as a condition for continuing in full-time study.

Erindale registers tremors

By Bogna Jaworski

No response has been received in almost two years concerning the funds to be raised by UPDATE for the establishment of a seismograph station to be used by Erindale College.

The proposal was put forward in February of 1976 by the department of Earth and Planetary Sciences as part of the Sesquicentennial project to raise money for necessary improvements around the university.

If the goal of \$20,000 is reached, it would be used to build a short period seismograph station on the Niagara escarpment. The telemetered seismic signals would then be recorded on a drum installed at Erindale College.

In past years minor earthquakes have shaken the area in and around Toronto. Therefore, since the area has no seismic station to monitor such earthquake activity, this seismograph would be of great benefit to the community at large.

According to the proposal, the seismograph station would operate on a 24 hour basis providing continuous recordings. These, in turn, would be of important use to the student directly involved in planetary studies.

"This will provide a permanent and rather spectacular display at the college," says Prof. H. Hall, "and should heighten student awareness to the problem of earthquakes and that the earth itself is not a static planet."

The actual site of the project has not been determined but it will be somewhere on the escarpment. That will be decided when a definite answer is received concerning the requested funds.

UPDATE UPDATE



Erindale students would be relieved to know that disasters, like the above Great Morton Fallout of 1972, would be averted if seismographic equipment was obtained.



OFFENBACH

Tri-Campus Pub

8 p.m.

Offenbach Friday 3, Scarborough Meeting Place
Saturday 4, Erindale Blind Duck

Gododo

Dr. John's U.C. Refectory

Warriors hurt by petty politics

by STUART MEDLOCK

I'm certain there will be a few chuckles among the U. of T.'s athletic administration downtown after the recent exhibition game played between the Erindale Warriors and the Varsity Blues at the Benson Building.

Although the home and home series between the Blues and the Warriors has been established as an annual tradition, there appeared to be great doubt as to whether any games would be played between Erindale and the Blues this year.

Policy handed down from this athletic administration made it clear that the Blues would not be allowed to compete "against itself".

Apparently, because Erindale is part of the University of Toronto, the athletic department appears to want to make it clear that the university can only be represented by one varsity team and that any other varsity team will not be recognized. Because of the working relationship between Erindale and the St. George campus (the interfac program) the downtown department has a case for its policy making. As long as the Blues remain as the only alternative for Erindale students to play in the O.U.A.A., the Blues are the only varsity team that the athletic department can recognize. This seems to be the point that the department, notably director Bud Fraser, was making when restricting the Warriors-Blues series.

However, such a stand cannot alter the fact that Erindale does have a basketball team which is very competitive at the varsity level and that this mini-series between the two squads has created a mutually enjoyable rivalry between the two teams over the past few years.

EXCELLENCE SUFFERS

The existence of a varsity level team at Erindale suggests that there are difficulties amongst Erindale's "excellence" athletes in playing for the Blues and these athletes should receive help, not discrimination.

To change policy in mid-stream is tampering at a level only Happy Harold over there on Carleton Street can relate to. Throwing around the old political football (or basketball if you wish) at this time causes doubt to be cast in the athletic department's direction. Is there genuine concern that this series is detrimental to U. of T. athletics or is this policy one big flex of mindless muscle?

Obviously, the department's decision to set up the game after prompting from upper echelons in the university administration leads one to believe that the latter question exposes most of the truth.

The game, having been played the week before last, resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Blues which must have been more satisfying to the athletic department than it was to the Blues.

INSULTING AFFAIR

If I had been a member of either team, I would have been thoroughly insulted by the entire affair. The athletic administration handled the game in a careless, demeaning manner, right down to the use of interfac referees.

Surely the players and coaches of both teams who have worked so hard all year, deserved better treatment.

Instead of tampering in the affairs of athletes who do not harm anyone or any organization, perhaps the downtown athletic department should be directing its attentions towards situations which are dangerous to Canadian university athletics.

For example, the Blues basketball team played a game against Simon Fraser University recently. The Blues lost the game by a narrow margin and must be commended for their fine play against the imbalance which existed in the game. This imbalance refers to the type of team which Simon Fraser puts out on the floor.

A few years ago Simon Fraser adopted the policy of recruiting athletes by offering athletic scholarships. This policy has been frowned upon by a great majority of Canadian universities and as a result Simon Fraser was expelled from C.I.A.U. competition.

ATHLETICS - ACADEMICS

One thing that Canadian university athletics can be proud of is its offering highly competitive athletics with highly enriching academics. I believe that our American counterparts have had to make large academic concessions in order to remain athletically competitive and this is something Simon Fraser threatens to bring to our side of the border.

If the athletic department truly represents the interests of the University of Toronto's students it should never have invited the Simon Fraser squad.

The possibilities which Simon Fraser represents can only be considered as a hindrance to university athletics. It is hoped that U. of T.'s athletic department can forget their petty politics and get working on the real priorities.

1. for one, don't want the "American business" here in Canada



[Photo by Ranaid Hay]

Erindale Interfac volleyball faced elimination last week at Hart House and their fine play earned them the right to defend their title in this week's playoffs.

How to Marry a Millionaire

Some Like It Hot

5 p.m.

Feb. 2, Erindale College Room 292

7 p.m.

Friday, Feb. 3, Scarborough College Room 216

Saturday, Feb. 4, Med. Sci. Auditorium

Cinema Gratis

Big effort paying off

Since the New Year, the Varsity team has won five games in a row. In their recent two home games they played RMC and Queen's. In both home games they won without too much effort. In the RMC game the score was 72-54. The high scorers for Erindale were Steve Buck, with 18 points, and Doug Reid with 17 points. Chris Aubin added 12. Eddie Galka played a strong second half, scoring nine points, and played excellent defence. The RMC team did not offer much challenge, as Erindale jumped out to an early lead and never relinquished it.

The Queen's game was a different story, as Erindale went ahead early in the game and then started to play too easily. Queen's came back and actually went ahead by 12 points in the second

half. It wasn't until, with eight minutes to go in the second half, with the insertion of Dave Fox, Doug Brown and Ed. Brown, that the team made a comeback. Dave Fox, with his great speed, broke Queen's full court press, and gave the team momentum which moved the team to victory. In the last eight minutes, Doug Brown and Ed Brown scored 11 points, which proved to be the difference.

The outstanding player of the game was Doug Reid with 25 points. Chris Aubin played a strong first half, 11 points, but faltered in the second.

The team has been playing very well, their shooting has improved to where they are shooting a respectable 44 per cent on the season. The team's statistics, compared with last year's, are much improved, which shows the team game has improved. The only problem right now seems to be one of legs, as there seems to be a five to ten minute lapse in each game where they are not running full speed. If they can overcome this problem, there is no doubt that this is the strongest team we have had at Erindale in the last three years. We have more balanced scoring, more consistent floor play, less fouling, thus better defence.

In asking coach Lavelle about the team, he personally feels the most important aspect of it is that the players have worked hard, but most importantly, have enjoyed the team relationship; and as a result they have great spirit, which has made the season most successful.

During the past week-end, the team flew to North Carolina to play Campbell College and North Carolina at Wilmington. The paper was published too early for the results of that trip; however, you can be assured that it was a wonderful experience.



Credit: Mississauga News

Swimming pool on the way

There has been a tentative agreement reached concerning the future of Erindale's recently accepted outdoor pool venture.

To be funded by the athletic department's summer program money and not the student's ESSU has permitted its Colman House site to be used for the pool's location.

At present there is already a pool at Colman House but it is permanently unusable due to health regulations.

This agreement, however, is based on ECSU's remaining at Colman House. There have been suggestions that Erindale Housing may be moving into Colman House and using it for a residence recreation centre.

The pool, to be built this spring and summer would be made accessible to "summer Program" members in the summer months and to ECARA members during school months.

Erindale at home and abroad

Last weekend the Warriors basketball team tripped off to North Carolina to test their endurance against our Yankee friends. Their schedule included games against Campbell College, a level two team and the University of North Carolina at Wilmington, a division 1 team and sister campus to the University of North Carolina which is presently ranked No. 3 in the U.S. rumor has it that the Wilmington school is known to have a rivalry with UNC similar to the one between the Warriors and the Blues and that this same school was ranked tenth in the U.S. last year in shooting percentage. Good Lord and good luck.

Elsewhere, the interfac hockey Warriors travelled to North Bay last weekend to play in their annual college tourney, while our lady Hustlers are in the midst of playing three games in about 10 days concluding with the first ever Erindale Women's Hockey Tournament. It is to be held Friday, February 10 at Port Credit Arena and features local community college teams in addition to Erindale and Scarborough.

The football meeting to have been held last Thursday will take place this Thursday, same time and place.

Warriors defeat Grads

By Stu Medlock

Last Wednesday night the Men's Interfac basketball team got on the winning track, posting a 78-66 win over the Grads from St. George.

The game was highlighted mainly by the rough play exhibited by both teams, and as a result some 38 fouls were blown during the match.

Erindale led throughout the game, capturing a 10 point lead early and holding on to it.

Erindale coach Bob Ryckman, satisfied with the outcome but not with the floor play, thought that "we (Erindale) were able to make the Grads play our game and it kept them off balance."

Erindale used a half court press for much of the game. This caused the Grads to make a lot of forced and long passes. The Warriors were able to come up with quite a few steals using the press.

Another tactic which Ryckman

employed was a play designed for Erindale guard Dave Bradshaw. The Warriors forwards drew their checks out of the key, permitting Bradshaw to go to the hoop. The result was a game high 28 points for Bradshaw, with eight of them coming home from the foul line. This total also represented a season high total for the third year Erindale guard.

Because of the roughness of the contest the floor play, usually an Erindale strongpoint, was very sloppy. The roughness and scrubby play could be attributed to the man to make defense used by the Grads. They stuck very close to their checks and deployed various presses as did Erindale.

Erindale centre Ed Punkris saw the game as, "a complete turnaround from our previous effort against SGS. In the game we played against them at Hart House

they were very tough under the boards but we were able to reverse that here at home."

"This game was very big in the playoff standings for us," Punkris pointed out. "We came into this game two points behind the Grads, who occupied the last playoff spot. Our win now moves us into a tie with them in addition to having a game in hand over them and an advantage in the total points scored between the two teams."

Top scorers for Erindale were Bradshaw with 28 points, Ray Skrubiskus 16 and Punkris 12 points. Forward Murray Nunns had his best night this year bagging eight points and pulling down assorted rebounds. Asked what he thought about the game, he replied, "Brutal, just Brutal."

The Warriors next game is here at the college on Wednesday at 7:30 when Erindale faces Trinity.

What to do with an empty Blue.



When you're smiling, call for Labatt's Blue.

medium II Performance

Never mind the Pistols, here's Elvis

By T.K. SAWYER

Much as it is to be applauded as an alternative to the Debby Boones of this world, there's no escaping the fact that much punk rock — now christened 'New Wave', in its first stage of self-consciousness — is just so much synthetic outrage. Musically-vacuous synthetic outrage at that.

Take The Sex Pistols. Now, whatever else Never Mind The Bollocks may be, it is most definitely not the departure from the sixties rock establishment its supporters would have you believe. In fact, it's downright reactionary in its recycling not only of primal riffs but of the associated attitude — the primitivism that was the hallmark of the earliest recordings by the Stones, the Kinks and the Yardbirds.

The Pistols have not, then, made great musical strides forward.

What they have done is taken the outrageousness associated with early sixties rebels such as the Stones and exaggerated it to the point where you can't take them seriously, any more than you can take Kiss seriously. Johnny Rotten or Sid Vicious are cartoon-figures in the same way Gene Simmons, breathing fire and spitting blood, is a cartoon figure.

It took Elvis Costello to convince me that the anger and eccentricity of punk rock could be harnessed into first rate rock and roll.

And Costello is nothing if not eccentric. Quite aside from his assumed name, he exhibits a punkish fascination with image that is somehow endearing rather than threatening. In fact, it's hard to imagine a less sinister figure than our Elvis: glaring out at you from the cover of My Aim Is True

from behind horn-rimmed specs, he looks equal parts Buddy Holly and the kid next door.

Don't be deceived.

Within this rather unlikely looking frame, there beats the heart of a classic rock and roller.

In fact, it is only the anger which infuses almost every song on My Aim Is True that ties Costello creatively to the rest of the New Wave. He has claimed that his songs are motivated by "revenge and guilt", and the connection is hard to miss in songs like "Blame It On Cain" or "Pay It Back". In fact, his best work manages to communicate all the rage that the Pistols, for all their ranting, seem only to skirt.

There are a lot of reasons for that, but most of them come down to the fact that Elvis has managed to hold the reins in on the self-indulgence that has marred almost all New Wave rock. If you had to pin it down lyrically, you could probably call it a union of the romantic and the cynical that comes off best in a song like "Alison":

Well it's funny to be seeing you
after so long, girl

And with the way you look I
understand that you are not
impressed

But I heard you let that little
friend of mine

Take off your party dress

Not exactly "Anarchy In The U.K.", but what the hell.

Costello's music underscores his obvious anger in much the same way: the man obviously has a masterful understanding of how rock songs should be constructed and arranged. "Less Than Zero", my favorite piece of rock so far this year, comes to mind first in this

respect. A "Louie Louie"-like chord progression launches the song, allegedly about Oswald Mosley, a British fascist leader of the 1930's. After each verse, a wonderfully simple and somehow arrhythmic drum break kicks you into the chorus, complete with riveting power chords and a hook that stays with you for days.

Costello also has a knack for playing off the innocence associated with the 50's constructions of songs like "(The Angels Wanna Wear My) Red Shoes" and "Mystery Dance". The middle eight of "I'm Not Angry", for example, contains the following lines, underpinned by a tom-tom riff straight out of Buddy Holly's "Peggy Sue":

I know what you're doing

I know where you've been

I know where

But I don't care

Cause there's no such thing as an
original sin

The last word is punctuated with a snare shot that takes the song into a furious burst of lead guitar. Costello gets his point across more dramatically because he doesn't bludgeon you.

I should add, by the way, that his voice — which has been compared most often to Bruce Springsteen's — is a wholly delightful rock and roll instrument, combining a touch of Springsteen with the croak of Steely Dan's Donald Fagen and emerging as Elvis Costello.



Elvis Costello.

Photo credit Trouser Press

More Gold From Gord

By Terry Popowich

The secret of Gordon Lightfoot's success and appeal is his amazing consistency. Lightfoot, who attracts packed houses from Moose Factory to Las Vegas like a sponge attract water is, after his Summer-time Dream album, at one of the highest points of his career. Just when one thinks Lightfoot can produce nothing better, he outdoes himself with a "more perfect" composition of tunes.

It has been said that Canadians in general have a crazy inferiority complex about being good and, if that be the case, Lightfoot is a perfectionist. His most recent album, Endless Wire, released earlier this month seems to emphasize this point. The album is not only excellent musically and

lyrically but it also adds a refreshing level of innovation to Lightfoot's uncategorized style.

Upon hearing the album one cannot be anything but amazed with the artist's versatility in lyrical composition, tasteful leads and catchy choruses.

The musical strength of the album is advanced by the talents of Lightfoot's band and the addition of the string section of the Toronto Symphony which combine to produce the good old rock and roll of "Sometimes I Don't Mind" to the sensuous rhythms of "If Children Had Wings" and "The Circle is Small."

The addition of Jack Zaza on sax and a host of other instruments give the album a certain musical polish which only delineates Light-

foot's strong vocals in a manner that is a credit to the artist and his musicians.

Songs such as "Daylight Katy" and "Sweet Guinivere" are typically Lightfoot, soft flowing love tunes which are always part of the singer-songwriter's repertoire.

Each cut on the album has distinct single possibilities. It would seem that Gordon Lightfoot's latest release will prove to be one of his finest. If Lightfoot continues his musical progression of getting closer to perfection, which will be extremely difficult considering the quality of "Endless Wire", one can look forward to supreme artistic talent from a landmark not only in Canadian music but in the music industry in general.



Endless wire the latest Lightfoot creation promises not only to become gold, but also one of the year's best.

Duellists: "En Garde" for thee

"The Duellists" is remarkably well photographed but unfortunately it also has a remarkable lack of depth in its plot.

This British film, directed by Ridley Scott and photographed by cameraman Frank Tidy, is based on Joseph Conrad's "The Point of Honor." The movie takes place in Napoleon's France and is about a series of duels (five in all, lasting about 16 years) between two French officers. The two main characters are Feraud (Harvey Keitel), who incited the first duel and unfailingly persisted in duelling whenever his path would cross the less willing d'Huberts' (Keith Carradine).

The original motive for duelling is rather vague and petty. D'Hubert interrupted Feraud to tell

him that he is wanted for fighting a previous duel, while Feraud was in attendance of a lady's chamber party. Feraud takes this as an insult and demands that a duel be fought. The more sensible d'Hubert calls this ridiculous, and only consents when Feraud's insults force d'Hubert to defend his own honor. The point of the movie seems to be that their concept of honor is senseless. Honor is reduced in value by the petty motive and is then corrupted and used as an tool by Feraud and his lies.

Apart from the duels, the movie is slow moving and dull. There are long scenes of d'Hubert alone in contemplation that attempt to reveal his fears and frustrations. But this stream of consciousness is

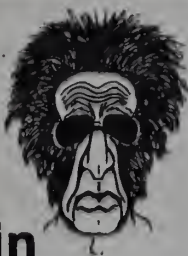
largely the domain of the novel and cannot be portrayed successfully in the film medium without becoming tiresome. However brilliant photography helps eliminate some of the plot's ennui. The scenes of Napoleon's army returning from Moscow are shot in an icy gray, and the frozen bodies of the soldiers along the roadside are enough to induce frostbite. The vivid color, combined with impeccable settings and costumes brings out a bona fide image of the times.

"The Duellists" is definitely not a film for high action aficionados because of frequent tedium; however a movie this well filmed does not come around very often. This dilemma makes the Duellists provocative, if not memorable.

Vytas Narusevicius

LIES

By
John Guertin



Ah! The misfortunes of the world! It was 'the yearning in my heart that would not let me sleep. I heard nothing but the voice of solitude. The melody of love for me would not play. In the darkness I saw nothing but skulls. Suddenly I had a vision. There appeared unto me the most beautiful maiden I had ever seen. She descended from the heavens on gossamer wings and a great radiance shone round her. I heard the sweet music of the planets as they tumbled through space; it was a pretty good recording. Behold I leaped from the bed and clasped her in my arms. It was no dream. There was a trembling in my every limb.

"Darling," I whispered as I crushed her to my heaving chest. It was then she gave me the slap on the ear.

"What do you t'ink you're doin'?" she said. "Do you t'ink dese gossamer wings grow on trees? No way! Hands off! I'm a vision: you can look but no touching. Dese clothes are rented from Kresges and if you tear 'em you're footin' de bill. Christ, it's tough bein' a vision. No employment. Last week I had to stand two hours in a bread line with some wino. Hands off!"

I went to the toilet. I got a bromo.

"What do you t'ink you're doin'?" It isn't every day I get some woink. Get back in here!"

I was putting my boots and my coat on. "I'm going out for a walk," I said. "If you're here when I get back, I'm phoning the police." I walked out the door into the wintry blast. The moonless night was frigid, particularly since I hadn't my pants on. I quickly returned to the house. She was gone. Only the finest scent of heavenly perfume remained, that, and the butt of a White Owl in the ashtray. I turned to my typewriter for consolation. Just then I heard the flush of the toilet. She came out of the bathroom.

"What kind of a maniac are you?," she brayed. "Walking aroun' in the middle of winter with no pants on?" She gave me another cuff on the ear. "Leavin' me here alone to entertain myself? What kind of a man are you?"

I reached for the phone. The line was dead: she had cut the cord. I went to the closet and removed a Mauser broom-handle. I shot her four times beneath the left breast. She crumbled into a heap of cigar ashes. Only her tin-foil halo was left as a painful reminder. Afraid to go to sleep, I turned again to my typewriter. This is the story I created to cherish her memory.

AN INVESTIGATION OF A COUGH

There once was a man who had a tremendous cough. When the man coughed, the world trembled: this was no ordinary cough. He had been to see hundreds of professionals, each who prescribed varying remedies. Some prescribed pills. Others prescribed cough medicines. Some even said religion: the man was taken aback and coughed greatly at this idea. A mechanic he had spoken to suggested axle grease to be rubbed into the chest each night before he coughed himself to sleep; he also suggested a yearly visit to a muffler shop. But needless to say, none of these remedies had helped him. He even considered consulting doctors about his problem.

In an evening of inspiration, the man knelt to pray in his bathroom. The lights were turned down low and Adolf Hitler was quietly shouting on the radio. The man suddenly lifted his voice and prayed for liberation from his ailment. He prayed to God.

"Please father," he coughed, "relieve me from my terribly big cough! Twenty years now it has plagued me," he coughingly coughed, "and my wife has divorced me, my children have run away, and even my pet aardvark Alfred has died!"

Suddenly, as he gazed into the voluptuous blonde's bathroom window across the alley, he heard a host of singing angels. He looked up and saw them descending from the heavens, and they floated to the very sill of his bathroom window. They stepped in and began to do the dance of St. Vitus. Amongst them was Groucho Marx, W.C. Fields and Guy Lombardo, each playing a jew's harp.

"We know of your trouble and have come to help," said Fields as he picked his teeth with his left wing. "That damned coughing won't let you sleep nights and stay calm!"

"How long have you been smoking?" inquired Lombardo as he re-adjusted his tinsel halo.

"Twenty years," sadly replied the cougher.

"Dammit man," shouted Marx as he angrily grabbed him by the scruff of the neck, "Don't you know that danger to health increases with the number of lungs destroyed? Look around you. You know how many of these angels died of cancer! If you want to get rid of that cough, you'd better quit smokin'!" He then lit a huge White Owl cigar and blew the smoke in the cougher's face.

Needless to say he threw the whole lot of them out of the window and presently married the attractive blonde next door, who incidentally smoked a pack-a-day. She in time conceived and not long after gave birth to a non-smoker, who got bronchitis at an early age, and they all coughed happily ever after.

THIS COLUMN WAS SPONSORED BY M. RENE LEVESPUE AND TE PARTI QUEBECOIS.

Out To Sea: Holds Water

By John Challis

The difficulty with any play which falls into the category of "Black Comedy" is that the actors must be type-cast as caricatures. Knowing how to build these caricatures properly is a talent which requires considerable skill.

That basically was the only weakness in Erindale Studio Theatre's lunchtime production of Slawomir Mrozek's "Out at Sea", two weeks ago. Although the actors at times showed the potential to bring out the best in their parts, the performances were often stiff and over-worked.

A one-act affair, the play reflects the playwright's proximity to the socialist atmosphere of his native Poland. Three ship-wrecked men, Fat, Middle and Thin, are stranded on a raft in the middle of the ocean and, near starvation, they decide that one of them must be eaten to save the life of the others.

The two healthier members conspire to eat the obviously weaker member of the trio, but are continually thwarted in their efforts. They have an election, but the ballot gets stuffed. Then, hoping to provoke a compassionate sense of duty in Thin, they claim to

be less privileged because they are orphans, but a mailman suddenly swims up to the raft and delivers a telegram stating that Thin's mother has just died. They claim they have no occupations, that the thin man is more fortunate in having the security of his clerical position, when the fat man's butler suddenly swims up to the raft and refers to his master as "the Duke".

The undertones of the play are quite clear; the unreliability of the democratic system, the corruption of the bourgeoisie, and, in the end, the bold sacrifice of the proletarian for the rest of his fellow men.

The fact that the two richer men were portrayed by women — Pattie Johnson and Carrie MacLean — lent a little extra irony to the situation (although probably unintentional). Miss Johnson's part was obviously overacted, or perhaps under-directed. Her face was shrouded by a frown for the better part of the production, and the frequent sweeps of her hand were too contrived. Perhaps these quirks were more the fault of director Gordon Fife, who seemed unsure of how to harness the energetic enthusiasm of the actors.

The poor thin man (Doug Doughty) was more natural in his part. This in part could be due to the fact that Mrozek had written better lines for him than for the rich fat man.

The best performances came from the two walk-ons (perhaps swim-ons would be more appropriate) portrayed by Mark Couch as the nervous but dedicated Postman, and Simon Joyner as the ever-faithful butler.

Obviously, trying to make the best of their brief bits on the stage, they played their parts to the hilt. One of the funniest moments in the production came when the butler (continuously embarrassing the fat man, who is desperately trying to look underprivileged) follows his master's instructions with pleasure and drowns himself.

Where the acting and directing began to slide in the play, the bizarre humor and unexpected twists carried the production through. The use of water behind the stage provided an excellent distraction through a long period of silence towards the end of the play. All in all, "Out at Sea" proved to be an entertaining way to spend a lunch hour.

Long may Young run

Last week we left Neil Young in the ill-fated Stills-Young band of 1976. The album, "Long May You Run", never received the promotion it needed to put it at an acceptable sales level. A coinciding tour was scrapped; Young claimed that his voice was shot and that he was undergoing an operation to repair his damaged vocal chords. Although he did undergo treatment, one really wonders why Young could not actually finish the tour. Many observers felt that internal strife once again ended the partnership. Stills completed the engagements as a solo act, and will perhaps never regain the respectability he lost during those amateurish performances.

This brings us to 1977 and the release of an album which this critic feels is Young's best in seven years. Aided on one side by the Linda Ronstadt, and on the other by Emmylou Harris, "American Stars N'Bars" can be recognized as a work of genius on one's first listening. Ronstadt's side is especially brilliant as "The Old Country Waltz", "Hold Back The Tears" and "Saddle Up The Palamino" are extremely tasteful countrified rockers. "Just Like A Hurricane" is the hardest rock recorded in many years with a simply blistering lead guitar suspending the listener for over seven minutes. "Home Grown" and "Bite The Bullet" convey a feeling of controlled wildness, the almost frantic vocals of Harris and Ronstadt mixed with Young's sobering tone, creating this effect.

Throughout the record Young's voice sounds completely rejuvenated and his lead guitar playing is better than at any time else in his career. One cannot heap too much praise upon this disc or express too much joy that he has partially abandoned his sarcastic stance in writing. With "American Stars N'Bars", he seems to have found the perfect medium, as it is a perfect cross between "Harvest's" glossiness and "Tonight's The Night's" feeling of, "Oops we left the tape-recorder running."

The cover art also has a startling effect on the viewer. The singer's purplish drunken face is squashed against a glass floor (of which we have a bottom view), along with a snatch-shot of a wasted woman

lying on the bar table and a predominant bottle of Canadian Club. The dual meaning of the album's title is printed in glorious flag decor, showing a new found injection of humor in his cynicism.

"Decade" captures highlights from each one of Neil Young's distinctive phases. At his worst Young is cruel-heartedly truthful; at his best he is the premiere story-teller in North America,

touching all of us with his honesty and incredible musical underlining of thoughts. In any case, when his career is viewed from afar it can safely be said that he is the only important artist from Canada who will be remembered in the future. Neil Young is the one man who allows Canadians to hold their heads up in a country filled with artists who disgrace us with their mediocrity.



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Rock Guitarist Dies

Terry Kath, co-founder of the rock-jazz band Chicago, died Monday from a self-inflicted bullet wound. Kath, the band's lead guitarist, was a co-writer and

vocalist for many of the nine-year-old group's melodies. The fatal injury occurred while the guitarist was playing with a gun which he thought was not loaded.

.... and Paul Fox replies to the ECSU challenge!

Mr. Robert A. Mowat
President
Erindale College Student Union
Erindale College

Dear "Shifty Stick":

Thank you for your open letter to me published modestly on the entire back page of Medium II on January 23. If this is cheaper than using a 12 cent stamp, I would like to have the same economical privilege to reply.

First, let me answer your questions. No, I have blood coursing through my veins rather than anti-freeze, although the latter would be more helpful on these January mornings. Yes, chills run up and down my spine as I think of the glorious thrill of engaging in yet another Erindale car rally. [I have already entered two rallies, though it is true I unfortunately failed to finish either one. But don't count on being so lucky next time - I am getting a lot of practice driving up and down the Q.E.]

Yes, I think my mother loves me. But is that relevant? Mother-love will not stand in the way of my accepting your challenge, even if I have to borrow from her the outrageous sum of \$5 which ECSU is charging for the entry fee. [I will tell her it is a donation to a student charity.]

You make light of my talents as a rallyist. It is true that I served once as a driver and once as a navigator and that I got lost both times. But when I was the navigator, we at least got to the first check point. It was the second time, when I was driving and a graduate of Erindale was navigating, that we got lost as soon as we left the campus.

There is only one impediment. For some strange reason neither of my former partners wishes to accompany me again. My most recent team-mate did not even want to return to the College with me. He asked me to drop him off at the nearest bus stop. I do not quite understand why. But he did act rather strangely. He refused to wear his seat belt and kept trying to jump out of the car each time I slowed down to 60 m.p.h. [pardon me, 80 k.p.h.] I am therefore desperately in need of a partner - a driver, navigator, or better yet, a good mechanic, preferably one who can see and is not discouraged easily.

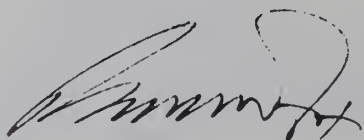
I will be glad to receive applications for a partner from all who wish to apply - male, female, student, staff, or even graduates, despite my previous disillusionment with the latter. There will be a slight preference of 100 per cent for female applicants since this will make the trip more interesting. All applications should be addressed to me in Room 3135 and accompanied by a photograph and a graduation diploma from Pro Drivers.

There is no need to dangle before me the inducement of three Carling O'Keefe trophies for the winners. One will be enough. This will still leave two to be fiercely fought for by the Mowat/Alcock team as well as others. You have stirred my anti-freeze to the boiling point, my blood is running over, the Geritol is pumping through my veins at a fearful rate. My Volkswagen is pulsating at the curb. As soon as I get a partner, watch out.

Yes, I accept your challenge, "Shifty Stick". There is no turning back now. I will see you at the North Building Cafeteria starting point at 3:30 p.m. on Saturday, February 4, 1978, with my motor running.

Are you sure "Fasterdammit" Alcock and a hundred others are really ready for this challenge?

Yours sportingly,



Paul W. ["Wheelspin"] Fox
Principal